

# "DOUBLE JITNEY" EXCURSIONS ABOUT NEW YORK CITY MANY

No End of Beautiful Rides That May Be Had for a Maximum Expenditure of Only Ten Cents

Even an Hour and a Half Ocean Sail Now Added to the Trolley and Bus Rides Already Available



A five cent limit.

By JANE DIXON.

HOW to keep cool, have a good time, and take trips with a ten cent limit is the burden of this story. It can be done.

Folks who have not taken the trouble to investigate, but simply sit down and bemoan the state of their bank account have no notion of the possibilities of a nickel or a dime in the greatest summer city in the world—New York.

Stop eating your heart out in envy of the man with the motor car. He has his troubles, never fear. The man with the yacht may be less fortunate than you imagine when you look longingly at his graceful craft. Pleasure has not passed by the man with the dinner pail. Neither has she turned a cold shoulder toward the woman with \$10 a week and five children. There is fun enough for all, and to spare.

Suppose, for example, it is a sweltering hot night. You had thought of going to the movies, but the remembrance of the interior of a packed picture theatre makes you mop your brow afresh. You wish for something to whisk you over to the river, there to glide along its cool, rippling surface until your lungs expand with a full breath of fresh air and the heat and dust of the day are blown from your fevered brain.

Such a wish is easily attained. If you are near enough to walk to the foot of West Twenty-third street 6 cents will suffice. If you must be carried there by car the trip will cost 10 cents. Wait for an open car; the wait will prove well worth while.

When you have arrived at the foot of Twenty-third street buy a ticket for the ferry. It will cost you 3 cents. In a few minutes the nose of the big boat pushes out into the river, pointing toward Hoboken. The splash of

the water along the sides is music to your ears. The cool and gentle fingers of the evening wind brush your hair back from your brow. You drink it in like wine.

Up and down the river red and green and white lights are winking warnings and welcomes. Shadowy shapes glide by so close you can almost reach out and touch them. The hoarse voices of whistles keep up a continuous gossip. There is the tinkle of music. A pleasure craft flashes past, ablaze with lights, merry with laughter and gay music.

Behind you the skyline of New York looms, a series of jagged masonry pinnacles wearing a billion glittering light jewels. Ahead of you the hills of Jersey, less gorgeously arrayed, loom soft in the shadows. You stand far up in the bow and revel in the cool.

By and by the boat docks. You purchase a return trip ticket for three cents. The contemplation of another trip across the river brings joy to your heart. Once more you are plunging through the velvet dark waters. Cool? So much so that you turn up the collar of your coat. You sit down and give yourself up to a full enjoyment of the precious moments. What a world it is, to be sure! And then—

Back again. The entire trip across the river has consumed the better part of an hour. You return home, refreshed, drowsy, dreamily happy and contented. The rich man may have his yacht and all his worries with it. For six cents you can enjoy the same privileges and leave all the worries behind. Who said this wasn't a poor man's world?

There are other trips quite as attractive. From Battery Park to Staten Island is one of the best of them. The fare is five cents. The trip takes about twenty minutes. Out across the harbor, with the tang of the salt water in your nostrils, what more than this will drive away dull care? If it is a day-time trip there are the trolley cars



The extreme summit of ten cents.

home who expects to conquer the big city from a hall bedroom, the artist with the masterpiece yet to be painted, the musician of the unsung song, the little family from the tenement, the woman alone, the man with the pipe, and last but not least sweethearts.

A boon for sweethearts is the ferry-boat. You can never guess how many nooks and crannies Cupid has found wherein to screen his little carresses from the gaping, grinning public. And if occasionally one of the crew does pass that way he is sure to turn his head. Young romance forgets the ten cent limit and remembers only it is good to live and love.

Do you know you can go all the way from the Polo Grounds, at 155th street, to Staten Island for 5 cents? Take the Eighth avenue surface car at 155th street and ride to South Ferry. This is a distance of something more than ten miles. Ask for a transfer to the ferry. It takes approximately two hours to make the entire trip from the Polo Grounds to Staten Island, and all for the magnificent sum of half a dime. If you are not cool by the time your journey ends turn right around and come back over the same route. It will restore your faith in the purchasing value of ten cents.

You are a stranger in the city or you have friends visiting you and your sightseeing fund is too abbreviated to admit of \$1 buses or automobiles. Take a car to Park row. Tell the conductor you want to go up the Bowery and he will give you proper directions. Here you will see something of New York's East Side. Persons of strange tongues and from strange climes are frequent along the street. You observe the bravado, the bright colors, the happy go lucky temperament of people who do not aspire to six cylinder touring cars or to am yachts.

Across Union Square you travel to Broadway. The street whose fame reaches to the uttermost corners of the earth. Right through the heart of the White Light district you go, past theatres blazing their invitations on each side, gift cafes, the lobster bay outs, the tanko temples. From Herald Square to Columbus Circle Broadway is just one long lane of hurli-burli.

Where do they all come from, these pleasure seekers? Plunged like the peacock they are, hurrying and scurrying hither and thither, chasing butterflies and bubbles, never seeming to tire of the chase. It is the Rialto you are traversing, the home of the make believe. Denizens of the theatre are its people. Its language is exclamation and jest, parries and plaudits. Optimism is its religion. To-day a prince, to-morrow a pauper. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow is another day.

At Fifty-third street one can take a car that skirts Central Park. Here there is delicious quiet and coolness, not to mention the contrast of magnificent and dignified homes for cliff dwellers on one side and the semi-blance of a green forest on the other. When you reach the jumping off place, which is 155th street, you have travelled about fifteen miles, at the rate of three miles for a cent.

The man in the automobile is lucky if he gets ten miles out of a gallon of gasoline, at 15 cents a gallon. This is aside from his original output of anywhere from \$500 to \$5,000 of more. He may go in more directions, but after all travelling is travelling and motion is motion. It is merely a matter of environment, and environment is largely a matter of imagination.

By the same token, in this case a nickel, you may go from the Battery to the Polo Grounds in an open car owned and operated by the street railway company for your benefit and pleasure. Likewise by taking a car at Eighty-fifth street and Central Park West you may be trundled through a three arched passageway that which there is none more beautiful or picturesque in Central Park.

Some hot night when the dust of the day clogs your throat and a soda sizzles against your parched lips get aboard a red car at Times Square and take a jaunt up Broadway. It is an amazing street, this same Broadway. After a while you will find it hugging the river, bathed in the cooling water winds. Every few seconds you will gaze down short cuts through the brick and stone parapets to the river itself. It is only a step away now, so you disembark and wander down to find a river road damp and cool as the inside of a cave.

Speaking of automobiles, there are the Fifth avenue buses. Atop of one of these great, green boxes of transportation there are sights to be seen, thrills to be felt, coolness, crispness



Recommended when Cupid is out of pocket.

and various other adjuncts of travel.

Starting from Washington Square, which in itself is worthy of a visit, you pass beneath the arch and proceed at a dignified pace up Fifth avenue, on either side are the brown stone houses of old New York. Here, up the side streets and in the alleys, are the haunts of art, the abiding place of the palette and the easel.

Soon you are amid the smart shops, the shops wherein fashion gives birth to new and weird creations that must be copied over the length and breadth of the land. If it is daytime the avenue is a brilliant flower garden of fashionable frocks. If it is night there is the peace and quiet you did not believe could exist in a great city.

A little further and some one will whisper that the brown stone mansion is the Astor town house and the red brick with the white stone trimmings is the city home of the Vanderbilts.

The bus stops. There is a great commotion. Finally a soft felt hat that was back before time and tide had tinted it green, skoots along the roof. It is followed by a set of whiskers trimmed in the good old chin style of the country. A Pa wedges his umbrella firmly under one arm, then turns to give you a lift. Ma, in black bonnet with a bit of lace and a bunch of purple pansies, puffs into view. Her ample skirts are gathered up to a safe distance and her face is flushed with the effort and danger of mounting winding stairs no wider than the narrowest part of her anatomy. She feels the two of them plump into a seat and smile blandly as the big bug once again starts on its way.

"What'd a thought," says Pa, "that these city fellows would give you a ride like this for a dime?" There are three routes to choose from. One winds leisurely up St. Nicholas avenue to 155th street, a distance of ten miles. Another branches off to Riverside Drive, skirts the Hudson, and offers such attractions as Grant's Tomb and a view of the Palisades. Still another parallels Central Park, up Fifth avenue to 110th street.

Wait a chance for a cool hour on a quiet night, this bus trip. Out beneath the stars, high enough to escape the heat waves from the street, it is one of the shining examples of the ten cent limit. And how Danny, the rascal, does adore those seats, scarce wide enough for two. Invariably he cranes for the front seat, where there are fewer spying eyes to see him hold hands and gaze in starry eyes as well as at starry skies.

"I guess we have something on that ray," laughed a young man who had removed his hat the better to enjoy the cool air. "I wouldn't trade places with him right now."

He gazed down patronizingly to where a perspiring man wrestled with an obstreperous tire. His automobile was propped up on a jack, but listed considerably nevertheless. His face, beneath the street light, was the color of a beetled baby lobster. It was easy to imagine the things he was saying under his breath. Other automobiles glided at him as they whirled by. He continued to hammer for a few minutes, then mop for the next few.

There are other phases of the ten cent limit, as for instance across the Queensboro, the Brooklyn or the Williamsburg Bridge, and out into the country. One surface car trail leads to Freeport, L. I., with the bay a walking distance away. It is an interesting ride, better than the ride and pretty villages of the great island. There are street car rides across the ferry in New Jersey, with the possibilities of picnics along the roadside.

The man or woman who is compelled to keep to the ten cent limit could not do better than determine to spend vacation time seeing New York first. Figure out a schedule and follow it closely. Instead of spending the evenings indoors with a stray soda or a movie sortie as a diversion, go travelling in your own home city. It is a fascinating pleasure.

## OPEN AIR GYMNASIUM TEACHES CHILDREN THE USE OF FIRE ESCAPES

Tendency to Panic Being Combated by Accustoming Little Ones to Climbing Ladders and Ropes

IT is fear and not fire that causes the great loss of life in almost all of the disasters which periodically come to big cities, say men who have studied the subject. Starting with this text, it is argued that it is possible to supply life insurance to children by educating them along lines that banish panic.

The system is merely that of taking a dangerous situation, analyzing it and ascertaining how it might have been robbed of its terror, and then showing how a cool head can master conditions that seem difficult. For instance, there was the Triangle Shirt Waist fire, where nearly 150 women and girls were killed.

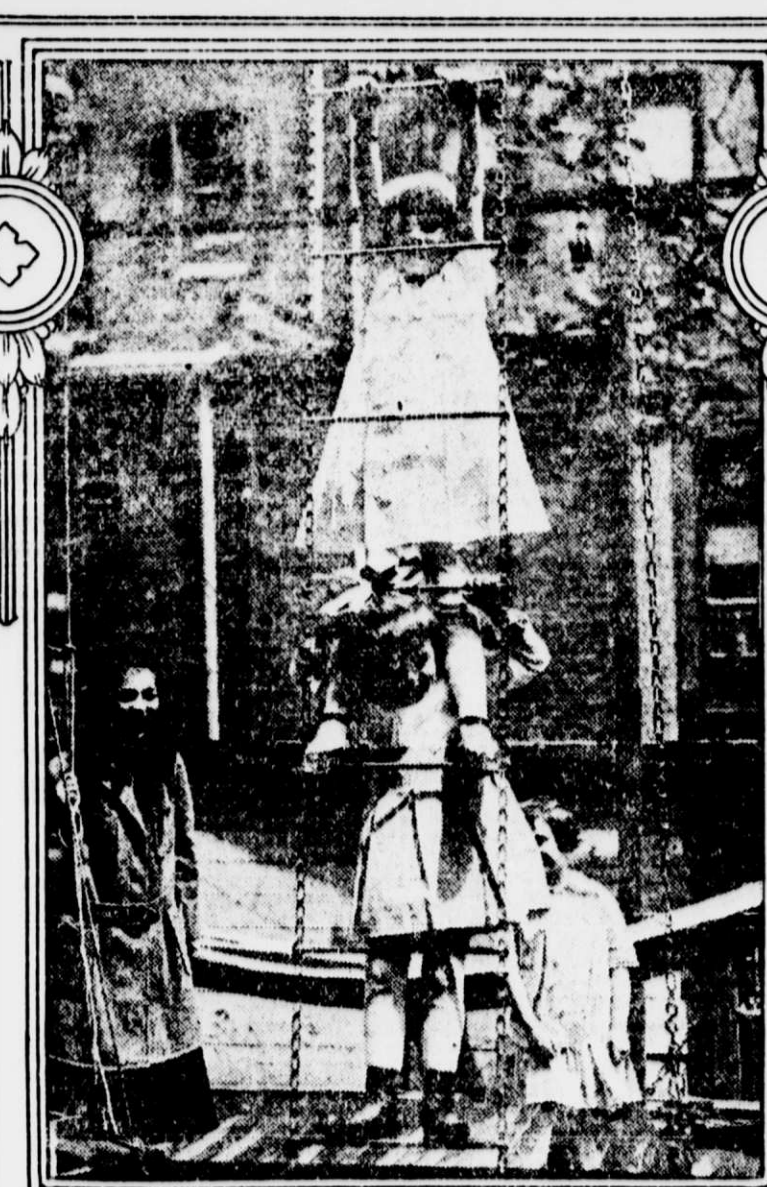
The new system of life insurance forms part of the course of instruction at some schools. In one case in which very young children are among the pupils an open air gymnasium has been rigged up in the rear yard of the school building for the teaching of the safety course. In there are iron ladders, rope ladders and swinging ropes.

Little boys and girls of three and four years of age romp about the ladders with the utmost ease. They are taught that the iron ladders are just like the ladders of the city fire escape and that as long as they can get their little hands and feet on the rungs they are assured of a safe road to escape from fire.

The fear of being high above the ground, with only a slim ladder for support, is eliminated by teaching the youngsters that a ladder 100 feet high is as strong and just as safe as a ladder four feet above the ground, and that the trained child does not fear the distance, which, after all, cuts no real figure in the task of ladder climbing.



All fear of a fire escape banished.



Learning to use a swinging ladder.



Lowered from a high place in confidence.

Many Tragedies Due to Ignorance and Lack of Confidence in High Places Thus to be Avoided

It is thus that the first element of fear is eliminated from the childish brain. And then the pupils are taught to look over a dangerous situation, take stock of its possibilities and think for themselves. If the fire escape is not open by reason of fire and smoke, they are taught that they may use a rope and go safely hand over hand to the ground, or that a careful inspection may reveal that a perfectly safe path lies over the roof to the next house.

This instruction is by no means confined to the children. The classes contain pupils of all ages up to that of the collegian, and the young and old alike come in for the safety first course.

The pupils are sent over the traveling rings of the gymnasium to give them confidence. They are taught to crawl over the ledge of a window without losing their heads because the ledge is high above the ground. They are taught to look over the top of the building and correctly estimate the surroundings without becoming dizzy and acquiring that desire to jump that is so common to persons who gaze down from the top of a skyscraper to the street below.

But pause, while the underlying essential is not the only thing taught in this safety school.

The pupils are taught how to knot ropes so that a knot is made every foot of the rope's length, thus making the descent easy. They are taught not to slide down a rope, burning the hands and inviting injury. Instead they are shown how to work gradually down by the hand-over-hand method, using the knits if they are already prepared, and if not, making the arm muscles serve to complete an easy, safe trip without strain or danger.